Glances at Baseball, the Turf and Fistiana

Edward Hanlon to Leave Cincinnati—Jockey Lee's Frosty Debut In East. England's Failures In Athletics—Packey McFarland, a Coming Champion

A HIGH priced manager often makes a baseball team a big money winner. At the same time it should not be forgotten that he can also make a team a big money loser. This latter observation applies most strongly to Edward Hanlon, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, who, it was recently announced, will not be retained by President Garry Herrmann another year. Hanlon has been refused another year's contract with the Reds.

If Hermann was in need of a lesson as to the futility of a baseball manager living on his reputation, Hanlon has supplied that need. Hanlon has dreamed, and the fans helped him dream for many years, that he is the greatest living ball manager that ever handed a release to a bush league recruit, and all simply because he was manager of the famous old Baltimore team that copped several championships.

Hanlon's Brooklyn Failure.

Hanlon failed as manager for Brooklyn. His excuse was that he didn't have the money he needed to work with in the hunt for good players. However that may have been, Hanlon cannot offer that excuse for his glaring failure at Cincinnati. Hermann is one of the most generous men in the conning tower of baseball. He told Hanlon that he wanted a winning team at any price. "All right," said Hanlon. "Pay me $12,000 a year salary." That was Hanlon's idea of how the Cincinnati club's money should be spent in giving it a winning team.

There is no doubt that Hanlon spent a small fortune on young players that never had enough ability to warrant engagement with the big show. They should never have been yanked cruelly away from the dear old cactus foundries of southwest Arizona. Hanlon evidently thought he could balance the team's expense account by offsetting cheap players against an expensive manager. But the scheme did not work successfully. The amount that Hanlon is overpaid would buy a crackerjack pitcher for the Cincinnati team.

Rumor has it that John Ganzel—our old friend, "Pop Up John"—will be made the director general of the Reds when Hanlon goes. Ganzel is a quiet, unassuming, conscientious worker, but it is doubtful if he measures up to big league managerial standards. He has already had some managerial experience in connection with a minor league team.

ANDY COAKLEY, RELIABLE PITCHER OF THE CINCINNATI NATIONALS.

WALTER MILLER, LEADING JOCKEY OF THE EAST.

English Decadence In Sport.

English authorities on sport are worked up to a pretty frenzy over the decadence of sport in "the tight little isle." The capture of coveted championship titles and the lowering of English records by outsiders have aroused wails of discontent and disgust that can be heard from Land's End to the aurora borealis.

One groaning English sport critic recently wrote as follows:

"What is the matter with our young men? At Henley Belgium claims for the second year in succession the supreme prize in rowing. Australia, in the person of the redoubtable Mr. Brookes, wins highest honors in lawn tennis. Mr. Jay Gould, an American, holds the amateur championship in English court tennis. France and M. Massey defeat all competitors at golf. In Rugby football New Zealand and South Africa show us the way. The South African cricketers easily dispose of some of the best of our county teams. In all forms of running America beats us with ease. Italians or Frenchmen are the victorious cyclists. Canada secures the Kolapore cup for shooting. Mr. B. B. Kieran of Australia was the most efficient swimmer. Mr. C. M. Daniels of America also has lowered some of our swimming marks. And none of our young women was able to cope with Miss May Sutton of America in tennis at Wimbledon. It is a humiliating record."

The deterioration of cricket, the very pith and marrow of British sports, is particularly lamented. "Did any one," it is asked, "ever see such sinewless weak kneed, emasculate play" as that in the Oxford-Cambridge match at Lords?

Possibly one of the reasons for England's retrogression in athletics is the fact that her representatives have long considered themselves the only great athletes in the world and that they did not feel the necessity of working hard to maintain the supremacy they claimed. Self satisfaction has ruined many an athlete in the past. Its pernicious effects are readily observed in English sport today.

Then, again, English athletes spent so much time criticising American sportsmen in the past that they had little time for improving their own abilities. Their attitude was: "We know more about athletics than any one else. We are the best in the game. Why should we have to prove it?"

Perhaps by studying carefully the methods of some of their formerly despised international rivals in sport England's athletes may be able to argue themselves into the position of world leaders once more.

Jockey Jimmy Lee.

Jimmy Lee, the negro jockey who was the sensation of the Louisville spring meeting, recently made his debut at Brighton Beach, New York. He did not ride a single winner on his first day, much to the disappointment of his followers who had backed his mounts.

Lee showed no striking indications of ability to wrest from Walter Miller the horse piloting supremacy of the east.

Lee was developed at New Orleans a year ago, when he was riding for Rome Respess. He became of national note at Louisville by "sweeping the card" one day. He won all six races.

Lee is riding the horses of Paul Rainey, the Cincinnati coke millionaire, who lost a fortune on the turf last year on New York tracks.

Fighter Packey McFarland.

That Packey McFarland of Chicago will one day become lightweight fighting champion of the world is the foregone conclusion of hundreds of pugilistic fanciers in the west and middle west.

Packey, since 1904, has won every fight he has engaged in, thirty-nine in all. In thirty-one of these bouts he won over the knockout route.

Packey, at his manager's suggestion, backed away from "Fighting Dick" Hyland when the latter wanted a piece of Packey's game. This maneuver caused some surprise, but possibly McFarland's manager was not quite certain that the lad could put Hyland away at this stage in his career.

PACKEY M'FARLAND, WESTERN LIGHTWEIGHT.

He has never been defeated and is the winner of thirty-eight battles with thirty-one knockouts.

English Fighters.

Quite frequently nowadays we hear remarks about "the lamentable decline of British pugilism in general."

The remarks are to the effect that British fighters with the padded mitts are not what they used to be. That sort of talk goes all very well as a filler of space in a newspaper that is hard up for news. But it is not sensible talk. British fighting in the heavier classes has not deteriorated, has not declined. It never was anything to compare with the class of fighting in American classes of the middle and heavier weights. Therefore it is not correct to lament over the British fist game's "decline." The lamentations should arise because the Britishers have never improved over their old time, old fashioned style. The Squires-Burns affair (one cannot call it a fight) was only another evidence of this.

HARRY GRANT.

A HIGH PRICED PLAYER.

SHORTSTOP TERRY TURNER OF THE CLEVELAND BLUES.

What the Dramatic World Is Now Talking About

[From Our New York Dramatic Correspondent.]

MR. WILTON LACKAYE is known on the American stage in at least three phases—as a very good actor in a certain class of roles, as a man of steel barbed wit and as a man of brain power superior to many other actors. Mr. Lackaye is also a highly entertaining raconteur. Some of his stories have become classics in their line among members of the stage world.

But Mr. Lackaye is now attempting to prove himself to be a bit more than what has already been admitted in his favor. He would become the arbitrary authority on how the English language should be applied to the stage, and he seeks to impress on dramatic critics the alleged fact that they don't know their own business. Of course this last endeavor is not a new one, for Mr. Lackaye and many another actor have in the past attempted the same thing. The critics are used to it and have had so much instruction tendered them gratis that they may well be pardoned at this late date for thinking that they "know it all." For, surely, have not the actors and managers told them everything they did not know in the first instance—and a great deal more?

What Is a "Character" Actor?

Mr. Lackaye dived headlong into the seething sea of publicity recently by means of an interview in which he stated that the critics or any one else who referred to him as a "character" actor was wrong. He spoke in part as follows:

"In all the dramatic field there is, to my mind, no more erroneous custom than that of actors, managers and writers in their invariable separation of the roles of an actor into two distinct classes, 'straight' and 'character.' The accepted dramatic definition of 'straight' is that the part is 'natural' and usual.

"That very definition in itself precludes the possibility of such a part, for I cannot imagine a stage part that has not some salient characteristic not his own that is seized on by the actor to make his role stand out as a perfect portrayal of the character he assumes. He is not himself, therefore he is not natural, but is the mimic of a supposed person, and therein he plays a character.

"Suppose the role he assumes is that of a Romeo, a jockey, an artist, a priest or an ordinary man of the world, which an actor is not, then certainly he must assume not only the speech, habits, thoughts and deportment of such a person, but he must also physically approach the character portrayed.

"A competent actor portrays many parts in his career, each requiring a character interpretation different from the other, and I contend that there can be no 'straight' part unless, indeed, you engage a lawyer for lawyers' parts, a doctor for a doctor, a forger for a forger, and so on up or down the line."

Denies Self Evident Truth.

Mr. Lackaye denies the existence of one of the self evident truths of the stage world. He denies that there are roles in which an actor has nothing more to do than to appear on the stage in conventional dress, without distinguishing makeup and to speak his lines without accent characteristic of any particular personality and to comport himself without gesture signifying anything out of the ordinary as regards character or personality. Yet we see actors in almost every legitimate play who must so conduct themselves. They enact conventional roles, typifying the usual, but not necessarily the commonplace, in some sphere of activity or life, and they, in so doing, picture a "straight" role. The straight role is so well established as such that not even Mr. Lackaye can wipe it out at one blow or a dozen blows.

Does a man who is a lawyer have to act any the less like a gentleman or any the more when in a drawing room or at a dinner on the stage simply because he is a lawyer? Must he assume the pose he uses in addressing the jury when he asks the waiter for a few more of those delicious Bermuda onions?

Must the stage doctor write his proposal to the debutante on a prescription pad, saying: "I am your medicine. You must take me for life!" simply because he is a doctor?

Must our amateur financier, the forger, fall into the habitual lockstep when he follows his intended victim into the stage garden for a little walk simply because he needed somebody else's money in the past?

A Distinction.

On the contrary, these three roles mentioned by Mr. Lackaye can be played "straight" when cast along certain lines, just as they must be made "character" roles when cast along other lines. For instance, if the forger, the doctor or the lawyer were shown actually at work in his special capacities, the roles would certainly have to be made character parts in order to be successful from an artistic viewpoint. But Mr. Lackaye makes no such distinction. His amateurish error in making sweeping or general assertions leaves him open to attack.

PAULINE CHASE, AN AMERICAN ACTRESS POPULAR IN ENGLAND.

The chief success Pauline Chase scored in England was her rendition of the title role in "Peter Pan."

Isabel Irving.

Isabel Irving is to tour the country in "The Girl Who Has Everything" next season. This is the play produced in New York last season, at the Liberty theater, by Eleanor Robson.

Miss Irving is the wife of W. H. Thompson, one of the ablest character actors in America. Her tour in "Susan In Search of a Husband" last year was so successful that the owners of that play offered her the opportunity to tour in the play previously mentioned.

Henrietta Crosman.

In "Mistress Nell" and "The Sword of the King" Henrietta Crosman fought with rapiers and proved herself an expert. In "The Christian Pilgrim," her next year's play, Miss Crosman will meet Tyrone Power, her leading man, in a broadsword combat. Mr. Power is considerably over six feet in height, and Miss Crosman is looking forward to some hard knocks.

Thomas E. Shea.

Cohan & Harris have assumed the management of Thomas E. Shea. Mr. Shea will be seen in only the largest cities and will present his standard repertory, consisting of "Othello," "Jekyll and Hyde" and "The Bells." He will also present a new play, of which he is the author, entitled, "A Soldier of the Cross."

Louis Mann.

Louis Mann, last with "The White Hen," is laying plans and hatching schemes for his appearance in more serious roles and is spending all his spare time in reading over old French plays and dramas. Mr. Mann is particularly considering Moliere's "Tartufe," which has already been done in English under two or three different names.

Marion Ivell.

A host of American opera lovers will be interested to know that the well remembered contralto, Marion Ivell, was engaged to appear at the opera at Nantes and to have the principal mezzo soprano roles, singing in "Herodiade," "Sanson et Dalili," "Prophete," "Favorita" and others. She also appeared in special performances of "Carmen." For three years Miss Ivell was the leading contralto of the Savage Grand Opera company.

Melodrama to the Fore.

Mock heroics are increasing in importance on the stage along with the tremendous expansion of higher class dramatic pabulum. One manager will send out no less than twenty-two companies during the coming season equipped with riproaring melodramas of the deepest dye. The manager in question, and he is one of many, has a staff of red ink slingers who can conjure up any kind of sensation at a day's notice. Their pet scheme is to have a "play" on some sensational criminal trial fresh in the public mind.

GIACOMO PUCCINI, ITALIAN COMPOSER OF "MADAM BUTTERFLY" AND OTHER OPERAS.

The repertory at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next season will include the four operas of Puccini which were presented here last winter—"La Boheme," "La Tosca," "Madam Butterfly" and "Manon Lescaut"—and the new opera, "Marie Antoinette," on the music of which the composer is now working.

Frederick Ingelke

THE HOSPITABLE CITIZEN.

Baratt' dat keep peanutta stan'
Een ceety Pheeladal'
Ees gooda "hospitabble man"—
He tal me so heemsal'.
I ask heem pleass explain to me,
An' dees ees w'at he say:
"W'enevra man ees kind an' free
For geevin' theengs away,
So dat da stranger man dat com'
To deesa ceety can
Be happy here an' feel at home—
Dat's 'hospitabble man.'

"Nex' week," he say, "from far, from near,
Beeg crowda mans dat's call
'Da Brother Elk' ees comin' here.
We glad to see dem all.
We mak' da ceety clean an' bright
An' spand da mona free
So evratheeng by day, by night,
Mos' beautiful weell be;
An' I am put dees flags to fly
From dees peanutta stan',
So stranger mans weell know dat 'I
Am 'hospitabble man.'"

Nex' time I see Baratt', oh, my!
He ees een soocha state.
"Dose 'brother Elk' ees gon'," he cry,
"An' dey are 'cheaps skate.'
You bat my life! From time dey com'
Onteell da day dey went
Dey justa mak' demsal' at home,
But nevva spand a cent!
Dey handa lemon up to me,
But buy da few banan'.
I was a fool dat I should be
Sooch 'hospitabble man.'"

Eet ees not vera clear to me
W'at dees Baratta say.
Eef ceety mak' all theengs so free,
W'at for should Elks pay?
I s'pose dat I am vera dumb,
But steell I aska why,
Seence dey are ask da stranger com',
Dey should espect heem buy?
Oh, my, I am so vera "green,"
Pleass, Meester 'Merican,
I weesh you tal me w'at ees meant
By "hospitabble man."

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

Praise Safer Than Blame.

Viscount de Belmont of Brazil was dining in a New York restaurant. Suddenly he put down his knife and fork and uttered an exclamation of approval.

"By Jove, a beautiful woman!" he said in the demonstrative southern way.

"She is my wife," the viscount's companion murmured modestly.

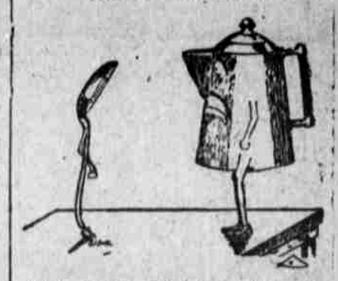
The young man laughed. "Excuse my personal remark," he said, "but it was much better than that of an Oxford friend of mine.

"My friend, on the boat coming over, stood in conversation with an elderly man on the promenade deck. Near by a woman sat in a deck chair. My friend, pointing to her, said, with a sneer:

"'I wonder if that ugly old woman is actually trying to flirt with me!'

"'I don't know,' the elderly gentleman answered mildly, 'but I can easily find out for you. She's my wife.'"—Woman's Home Companion.

Heard In the Kitchen.



Miss Spoon—What are you looking so mad about?

Coffeepot—Mad! I was so angry with cook yesterday that I just boiled over, and I'm not settled yet.—Bohemian.

Self Interested Generosity.

Edwin and Lisa, says the New York Press, are two little cousins of three who are almost inseparable and divide most of their goodies. One day Edwin had a whole cracker unbuttered and half a one which was buttered. He gave the former to Lisa, and his mother commended him for giving away the larger piece.

Little Lisa looked up aggrievedly. "Yes," said she, "he gave me the biggest, but he kept the butterest."

Too Deep For Him.

"Strange case, that of Mr. and Mrs. Harkins."

"How so? Divorces are common. I don't see anything so remarkable in the fact that they have separated."

"Oh, it isn't the separation. But here it is nearly two weeks since the decree was granted, and neither of them has got married again. I can't understand what the motive was."—Cleveland Leader.

The Way He Loved Her.

Three months after facing the parson together they were seated at the tea table.

"Do you love me still?" queried the young wife after the manner of her kind.

"Of course I love you still," he answered. "Now, keep quiet while I read the paper."—Leslie's Weekly.

What More Could She Ask?

"You used," she complained, "to treat me so affectionately and to use so many words of endearment when you spoke to me. Now you are so matter of fact."

"Well," he replied, with a yawn, "didn't I prove by marrying you that I liked you?"—Judge.

Silly Question.

"But," asked Miss Prim, "didn't you scream when he kissed you?"

"Nonsense! Of course not," replied Miss Koy. "His mustache didn't tickle as much as all that."—Philadelphia Press.

Hot Stuff.

Restaurant Guest—Everything you have brought me is stone cold.

Polite Waiter—Here is the mustard an' pepper, sah.—New York Weekly.